

## **All I Could've Done** by **EmilBondevik**

**Category:** IT

**Genre:** Angst, Drama

**Language:** English

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-09-24 18:56:50

**Updated:** 2019-09-24 18:56:50

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 05:29:19

**Rating:** M

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 758

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Drabble; Hanahaki Disease. [Reddie]

## All I Could've Done

Richie looked down at the orchid petals in disgust, the droplets of blood that surrounded them not doing anything to ease his already unsettled stomach. He heard a call come from the other side of the door, "Richie! Open up, dickwad!" Richie tried to respond, but could barely breathe, let alone speak. His words came out as muffled gurgles, blood rapidly filling his throat.

"Come on, open the fucking door!" Eddie called. Richie so desperately wanted to respond, to shout for Eddie to burst down the door, call the hospital, anything, but the petals kept growing, spewing out from his mouth, full blooms already having begun to blossom, ripping the sides of his cheeks open. Blood was everywhere; dripping down his face, filling the sink, soaking his shirt. There was nothing more for him to do than to continue to cough up the painful flowers while hoping that somehow Eddie would know to come to his rescue. But he knew that wasn't going to happen, he was almost certain he was mere seconds from suffocating.

His hand shaking, Richie reached down into the pool of blood, dipping his finger in the crimson. He looked in the mirror at his distorted features, tears beginning to mingle with blood and dripping down his face.

---

A loud thud alerted Eddie, concerning him more than he already was. He rapidly shook the door handle, his eyes snapping between the handle and the door itself. He began to bang on the door with his fist, screaming, "Richie! For fuck's sake, open the damn door!"

Beverly, who had been searching the house for Richie, as her and the other Losers had come to find their friend who hadn't been seen in over two weeks, heard Eddie's cry. The girl quickly ran to the smaller boy, being concerned at the utter panic that ever present in Eddie's voice.

"So you found him?" she asked, although this was an obvious question, as Eddie wouldn't have been shouting at nothing.

"Yeah I fucking found him!" Eddie exclaimed in response, his expression hard to discern, being a mix of panic, fear, worry, and anger. Beverly looked at the door and then back at Eddie, instructing him to stand back.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked, but only received the response of, "Trust me."

Beverly stepped back from the door, and in an instant ran forward, slamming her body against the door at full force. The door shook against its hinges. Shaking her head, she took another few steps back, ramming against the door again. It shook once more, cracks being heard from the wood. She went again, and again, and again, until the door broke open. Her shoulder and arms were filled with splinters, bleeding slightly. She rubbed the small series of wounds, reaching through the hole she had created, and unlocking the door, opening it up.

Eddie took a step forward, peering inside. "Richie-"

They were both left speechless. Eddie was paralyzed at the sight in front of his eyes. He slowly took a step back, his head shaking in disbelief.

The commotion had attracted the rest in the party, who came to see what was happening. The first to join them was Bill, who, upon seeing their expressions, took a step closer to look inside the bathroom.

"Holy sh-sh-sh-shit-" he said, his eyes wide. Mike, Ben, and Stanely soon accompanied them, with similar reactions.

Richie's dead body lied on the floor, flowers blooming from his mouth, cheeks, chest, stomach, and even eyes. His glasses lay shattered next to him, his body covered in blood, blood which also covered the floor, sink, and walls. On the mirror, shakily written in that very same blood, was "R + E."

The group's faces all turned to Eddie, who now had tears spilling from his eyes.

"H-He loved me... this whole time, he fucking loved me... and I never fucking noticed..."

The tears began to fall faster. He fell to his knees, staring at the body of his deceased friend and the orchids that sprouted from him, what would have been a beautiful flower now the most terrifying thing Eddie had ever seen.

None of them could believe that Richie was dead. And dead from something like this. They all felt like bad friends for letting him hide this for as long as he did, for letting him be missing for two weeks. Most of all, Eddie.

"All I could've done was notice..." Eddie muttered, "All I could've done was tell you... tell you that I... I loved you back."